The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,454.

A LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

In St. Louis there has just been celebrated the triumph of an idea. Twenty-five years ago a bankrupt newspaper was sold at Sheriff's sale for $2,500. Its new proprietor had an idea, *"public service."* That was his only capital. He undertook to make his paper useful to the community, to make it, as he expressed it, "the organ of truth." He thought the people would appreciate the service, but that was their affair, not his. It was his part to produce an honest, independent newspaper, working always in the public interest, and it was for the public to say whether that paper should live or die.

Yesterday's memorial issue of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch tells the results. The daily circulation of the paper increased in twenty-five years from 987 copies to 117,045. In the first year after the purchase it printed 1,234 columns of advertising. Nearly half as many—603 columns—were printed in yesterday's issue alone, surpassing all records ever made by any newspaper, not excepting the previously unprecedented figures of the twentieth anniversary number of The World.

When the Sunday edition of the Post-Dispatch was started in 1887 it had an average circulation for the year of 26,783. In the first six months of 1903 the Sunday circulation was 204,209, exceeding by 50,000 that of any other paper published west of the Mississippi.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch was the precursor of the New York World. Its success led to that of The World under the same proprietorship and on the same lines. The period of its growth from nothing has seen many attempts to launch newspapers, with the backing of immense capital, but ending in total failure. The lesson is that a newspaper which desires material prosperity must not make that its chief object. Let it be a good public servant and business success will follow, but it is not to be built up, like a factory, as a business enterprise alone.

BOLD WORDS FROM HARPERLAND.

Prof. Albion W. Small, head of the department of sociology at the University of Chicago, thinks that "the only thing that deserves financial reward is labor—capital, as such, deserves none."

From one of Mr. Rockefeller's employees that is rather startling. If capital deserves no reward, what right has Prof. Small to draw his salary? Is that not paid out of the profits of capital? Is not every college endowment capital and its income a reward of capital? How many universities like that at Chicago could be maintained by weekly contributions from labor?

But, duly qualified, Prof. Small's words are not so very subversive after all. "The payment of reward to capital," he says, "is not an individual right. The capitalist does not get a reward because he has a right to it, but because society considers him a social convenience." That is not so very far out of the way. It needs only one amendment. Society does not "pay a reward" to the capitalist at all, at least when its government is in health. It permits him to collect his own reward. If he can collect it in a fair field it proves that the reward is earned—that he has something to offer to society which society considers worth the price. It is needless to argue the question whether capital is productive or not. If it is not productive, it will not produce. If capital proposes a partnership to labor, and labor does all the producing, it will not long consent to share the returns with capital. The man who offered to hire another to fish up driftwood from the Mississippi, agreeing to give him half of all the wood he collected, would not be able to become a very large employer on those terms.

But, of course, if the law gives unjust privileges to capital, if it allows it to abuse the taxing power, or to intrench itself in monopoly, or to swindle innocent purchasers with wildcat securities, then it pays a reward for which it receives no service. If he should probe too deeply into this side of the question Prof. Small might get into trouble.

WHY WE NEED A BIG NAVY.

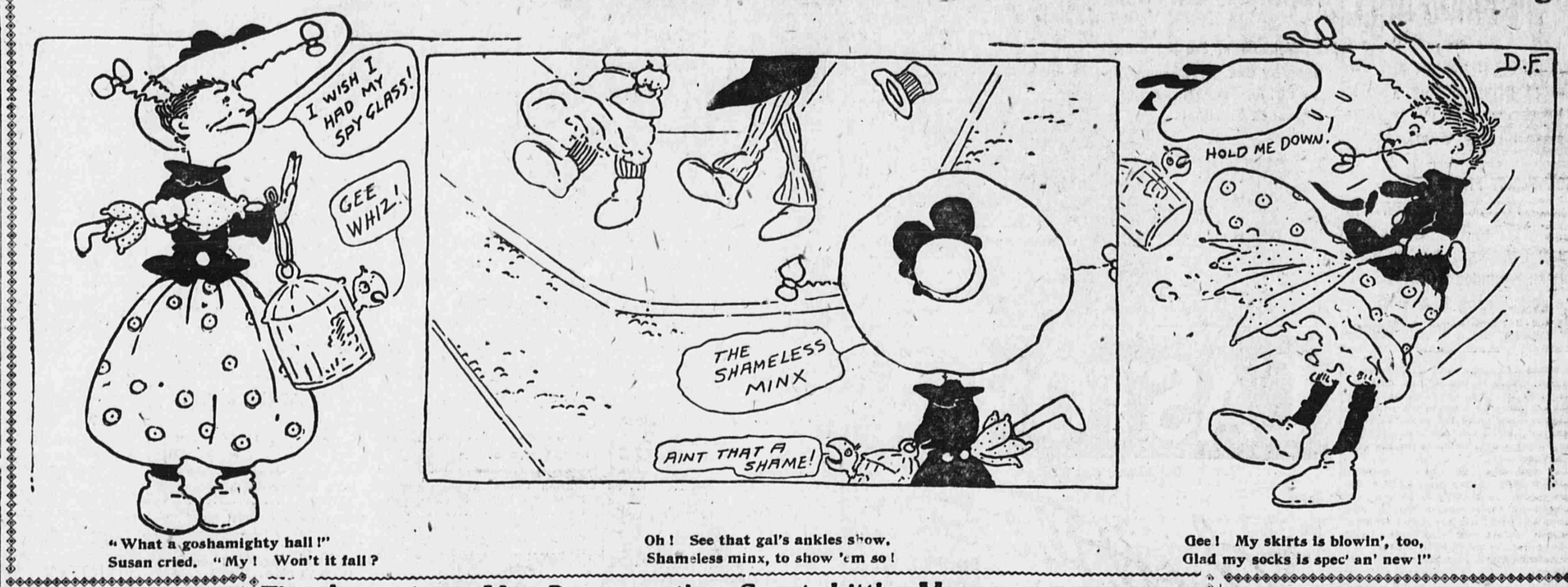
The annual report of the Commissioner of Navigation makes it abundantly clear why we need a navy growing bigger and more expensive every year. It is not, as the superficial thinker might imagine, because we are in danger of war with Germany, or Colombia, or Santo Domingo. There is a more substantial reason than that.

On the 1st of July of this year there were eleven shipyards in this country doing Government work exclusively—not one of them turning out a single ton of merchant shipping. Among them were such vast establishments as the Cramp yards, at Philadelphia, employing 8,000 men; the Newport News Shipbuilding Company's works, and the Union Iron Works, at San Francisco. There were ten other yards doing naval along with private work, and in five of these the Government work exceeded that for the merchant service. The Bath Iron Works, for instance, was building 18,148 tons of shipping for the navy to 900 for the mercantile marine. In all the private ocean-ship yards of the country combined there were building 334,147 tons of Government and 136,655 tons of merchant shipping.

These establishments employ directly over forty thousand voters in the important States of Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, California, Oregon and Washington, not to speak of the other thousands employed in furnishing them material. What would happen to them if naval work should slacken?

Hanna's Booker Washington Incident.—Senator Hanna has gone and done it now. The first lever that gave him a chance to pry a crack in President Roosevelt's universal popularity was the Booker Washington lunch at the White House. That made the Southern delegations ready for revolt. And now Mr. Hanna has gone beyond Roosevelt by inviting a colored office-holder, not to a quiet little tete-a-tete lunch, but to a formal dinner, at which Southern gentlemen were present. And he did it deliberately, too, remarking that if any of his guests didn't like their associates they were not obliged to stay at the dinner. That wipes the South off the Hanna political map and leaves nothing visible there but Ohio and Wall street.

SASSY SUE—By the Creator of "Sunny Jim." — She Has a Blow-Off at the Flat-Iron Building.



"What a goshamighty hail!" Susan cried. "My! Won't it fall?

Oh! See that gal's ankles show, Shameless minx, to show 'em so!

Gee! My skirts is blowin', too, Glad my socks is spec' an' new!"

The Man with the Sun-Burnt Heart.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

DOES the girl you thought you were in love with bore you?

Do you find her less pretty than you thought her, not so charming as you had fancied her to be?

Is the light of her eyes dimmed and the glory of her countenance shadowed by the memory of seashore nymph or summer siren, brief heroines of vacation idlys that you thought forgotten?

If so, you have it—the most intangible, most tormenting of afflictions, the sunburned heart.

When you went away last summer to the mountains the memory of your best girl was enshrined in your thoughts as securely as her latest photograph was packed in your suit-case.

And the first days you spent at the hotel you remarked the young women guests merely to reflect with satisfaction upon the superior attractions of the girl you had left behind you.

In a few days, to be sure, you had grown to be quite chummy with the Vassar girl whose mother always made room for you so cordially when you approached her circle on the piazza.

You had learned that she looked well playing tennis, better in a boat and best of all in the billowy evening dress which she wore when you said——

Heavens! Surely she understood that you didn't mean anything by that.

And that other night when you rowed far out on the moonlit stream, and she turned her little blond head to one side and dabbled her white fingers in the water—the fingers of the hand you were not holding, that is.

Then there was the morning you took the walk out to the old mill. That was the most serious of all—for things said in broad daylight have a faculty of getting themselves taken seriously, and of being remembered afterward.

It was the day she was going away, however, and, of cpurse, you had to say something ardent. It was very evident that she expected it.

What a pretty girl she was—not so pretty, of course, as Molly, your best girl—and yet—what a taking little way she had about her.

No wonder that good, practical, sensible Molly seems by contrast—yes, positively dull.

Funny you never remembered till now that you promised to write to that other girl—and you must do it, too—poor little thing. She has probably been crying her eyes out over your neglect.

Strange, isn't it, that it should all come back to you after these months, and that your heart, burned by the mid-August suns which you watched together, should ache with a vague longing at the recollection.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

ONE ADVANTAGE.

"There's one good thing about being sick," remarked the philosopher.

"What's that?" asked the cynic.

"A fellow feels so much better when he gets over it," replied the philosophical party.—Chicago Daily News.

HIS LIMIT.

"I see dat red complexion's all de rage in New York sassiety, Weary."

"Do you mean de whole face, Limpy?"

"Dat's what de paper says."

"Does it? Den you can see de beauty of bein' rich an' powerful. It's all I can do, Limpy, to sport a red nose alone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW TO HAVE CLEAN HANDS.

Teacher—Why, Reggie, aren't you ashamed to come to school with you hands in that condition? Look at your sister's hands; they're always clean.

Reggie—Yes; but I didn't wash the breakfast dishes before I came to school.—Cleveland Leader.

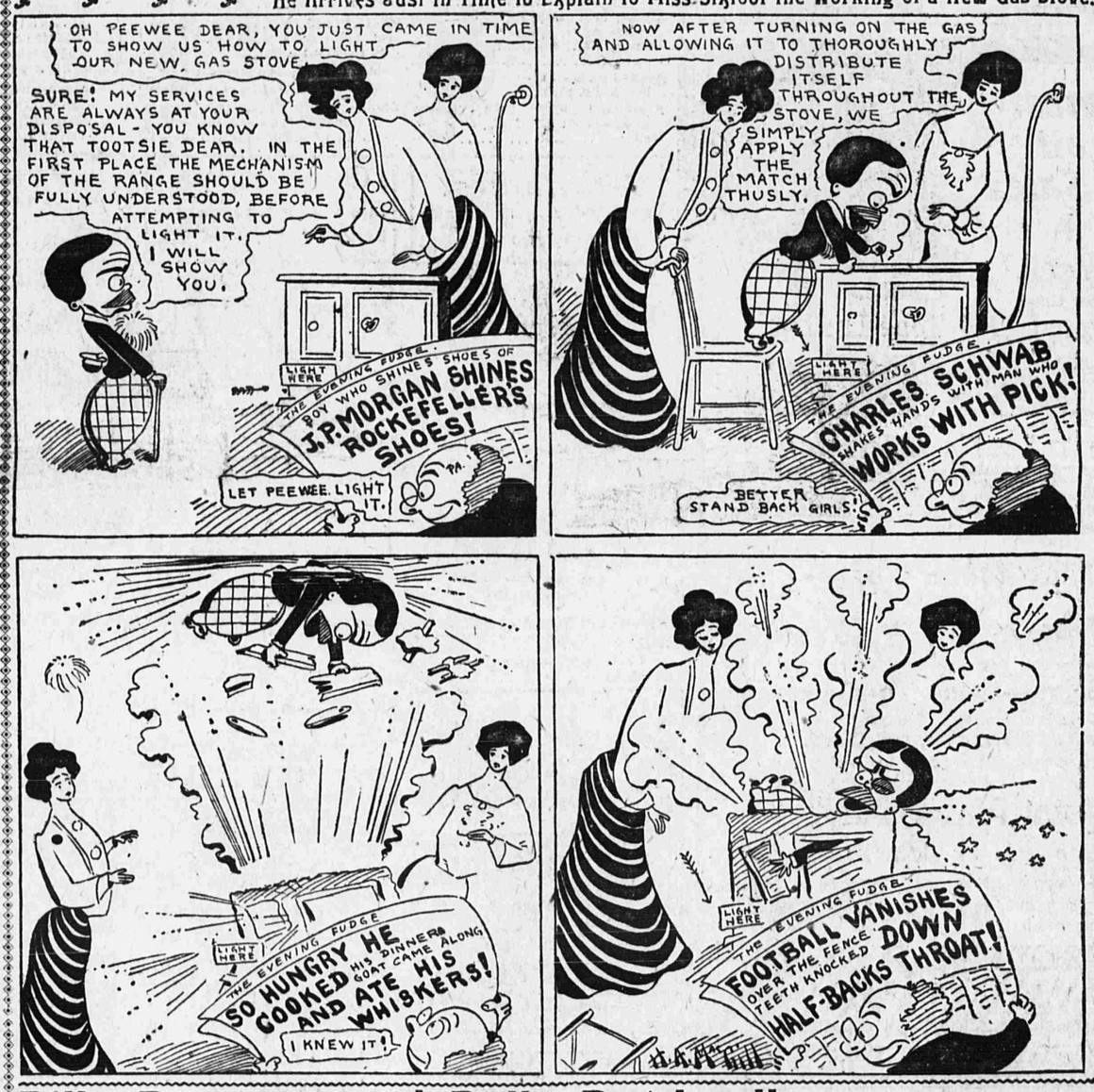
APPROVING.

"How did you like the opera?"

"First rate," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I didn't care much about the tunes they played, but it was a great comfort to have enough noise to drown the vacuous conversation that was going on around me."—Washington Star.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

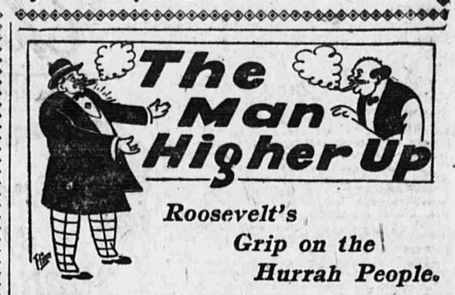
He Arrives Just in Time to Explain to Miss Sixfoot the Working of a New Gas Stove.



Billy Bowwow and Polly Pugdoodle.

He Takes Little Brother Billy and Little Sister Doodle Through the Shopping District to See the Toys.

The Man Higher Up



Roosevelt's Grip on the Hurrah People.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that there seems to be a disposition among certain parties to rough-house our toothful President."

"Surest thing you know," replied the Man Higher Up. "If Theodore Roosevelt should mount his fiery charger some day, ride out of Washington and make his get-away final, there would be some big men in the Republican party whistling "Bedelia" while they tied mourning bands around their plug hats. He has spread-eagled the Republican party, and what worries the wise guys is that he has a swell chance to get away with the play.

"Roosevelt has no more tact than a runaway horse, but he has a grip on the hurrah people that you couldn't tear loose with a derrick. Most of us are hurrah people. We like a man who puts his head down, spraddles his elbows out and butts into the situation, no matter what stands against him. Roosevelt is loud, and he saws the air and he plays to the grand-stand and the bleachers impartially. The box-office receipts invariably show that more people sit in the grand-stand and the bleachers than sit in the private boxes. It is the private-box coupon holders who are seeking to give the President the oofty gooft.

"In his own town and his own State the President is merely part of the procession, but west of the Allegheny Mountains he is the band wagon, the herd of performing elephants, the open cages, the superb ring stock, the spectacular cars and the calliope. They are different people out there. The more noise a man makes in the West the better he stands.

"They like Roosevelt because he can ride a horse and wears a slouch hat and kills mountain lions in the open season. When he stretches out his neck and shows his teeth to a New England or New York audience there is a tendency to give him the laugh, but in the West he looks all to the good.

"Another thing that makes him strong with the bleachers is his continuous performance talk about HONESTY. What William Jennings Bryan calls the plain people are honest people. They are poor and they have to be honest. Therefore they are easily conned. To insinuate to one of the Western Roosevelt worshippers that the President would go out of his way to play politics would be the cue for you to call for assistance.

"Roosevelt has his boom planted in enough States to insure his nomination unless he puts his foot into something so deep between now and convention time that he can't get out with his shoe. And that contingency wouldn't be a safe bet as long as he has young Mr. Loeb White-House broken to stand for the mistakes of the administration. The South is against him good and plenty, but 90 per cent. of the dinge delegates to the Republican National Convention can be bought with a $10 bill, and 50 per cent. of these would fall for $2 if it came to a showdown. The big leaders buy those votes as openly as they buy drinks."

"Why did they choose Chicago to hold the convention in?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Because," answered the Man Higher Up, "there are so many railroads there that it is possible to get out of town within an hour after the convention adjourns."

An Osculatory Mayor.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne at periodic intervals the Mayor and Corporation assert their rights over the shores of their native river by proceeding in state to various points, where they proclaim their authority. Perhaps as an inducement for the Mayor to undertake this particular duty, on landing on the green he is permitted by ancient custom to kiss the prettiest girl present, conferring upon her a sovereign as compensation. At Bournemouth, where the kiss mayoral is also conferred, it is an ancient and loving custom for the retiring Mayor to give his successor an osculatory salute.

Children Who Live.

By way of illustrating the effect of poverty on infant mortality a German statistician says that among the aristocratic circles in Berlin only 57 per 1,000 of the children die before they reach the age of five, whereas among the poorest classes the number of doomed children is 357 per 1,000.

Compulsory Baths.

All new schools in Switzerland have a portion of the ground floor appropriated for baths. Each class bathes about once a fortnight, summer and winter. Soap is used and a warm bath is followed by a cooler one. Sick children and those having skin diseases are excluded.